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Holy Week,

— with —

Horology of the Passion.

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PASSION WEEK;

CONTAINING

PROPHESIES AND GOSPEL NARRATIVES OF THE SACRED EVENTS,

WITH

POEMS, MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS;

ALSO THE

ASCENSION AND PENTECOST;

TOGETHER WITH

AN HOROLOGY OF THE SACRED PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BY N. C. BROOKS, LL.D.,

President of Baltimore Females College.

PHILADELPHIA:

JAMES HAMMOND,

(Successor to the Protestant Episcopal Book Society.)

1887.

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TO

REV. CAMPBELL FAIR, D. D.,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR

AS A MARK OF RESPECT

FOR HIS TALENTS, LEARNING, AND PIETY,

AND A TESTIMONIAL OF AFFECTION

FOR HIM AS A FAITHFUL PASTOR

AND FRIEND.

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VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

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Preface.

THE season of Lent is intended, in an especial manner, to celebrate the memory of our Lord's Passion, who humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, not only that He might redeem us from our sins, but that He might be an example of humility, meekness, and patience, as well as obedience, for our imitation, that being His faithful followers upon earth, we may reign with Him in heaven.

We have endeavored, therefore, as appropriate to the Lenten season, to set forth the events of Holy Week, day by day, as foretold by Prophets, prefigured by types, recorded by Evangelists, illustrated by poetry and meditation, and enforced by prayer, that they may promote devotional feelings, by leading our minds to dwell upon the sufferings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The hymns are original, except in a few instances where we found suitable ones already in existence.

N. C. BROOKS.

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GREEK MONOGRAM OF CHRISTOS; THE ANOINTED.—THE SAVIOUR WAS SO CALLED BY WAY OF EMINENCE, FROM HIS THREE-FOLD OFFICE OF PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING, WHO WERE CONSECRATED BY ANOINTING WITH THE HOLY OIL.

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Mystery of Godliness.

WITHOUT CONTROVERSY GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS: GOD WAS MANIFEST IN THE FLESH, JUSTIFIED IN THE SPIRIT, SEEN OF ANGELS, PREACHED UNTO THE GENTILES, BELIEVED ON IN THE WORLD, RECEIVED UP INTO GLORY.

1 Timothy, iii: 16.

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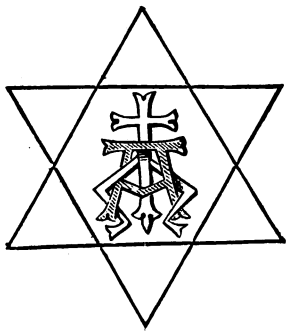

I AM ALPHA AND OMEGA, THE BEGINNING AND THE END, THE FIRST AND THE LAST. Rev. xxii: 13.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD. THE SAME WAS IN THE BEGINNING WITH GOD. ALL THINGS WERE MADE BY HIM; AND WITHOUT HIM WAS NOT ANY THING MADE THAT WAS MADE. AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, AND DWELT AMONG US. St. John, i: 1, 2, 3, 14.

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Palm Sunday in Passion Week.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Prophesy.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Psa. cxviii: 26.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.—Zech. ix: 9,

Gospel Narrative.

And they brought the colt to Jesus, and cast their garments on him; and he sat upon him. And many spread their garments in the way; and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way. And they cried, saying, Hosanna: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus entered into Jerusalem, and into the temple; and when he had looked round about upon all things, and now the even-tide was come, he went out unto Bethany, with the twelve.—St. Mark xi: 7, 9, 11. St. Matt. xxi: 12, 14. St. Luke xix: 35, 38. St. John xii: 13, 15.

DAUGHTER of Zion, now rejoice,
Daughter of Salem, lift thy voice;
Behold, thy King comes unto thee,
In meekness and humility.

Now let the loud Hosannas ring,
Blessed, He comes, thy God and King,
Bringing Salvation. He is just,
Make Him thy everlasting trust.

Meekly He comes, yet people spread
Their garments for His royal tread;
While all along His way are strewed
Palm branches by the multitude.

He comes in quiet majesty,
The Lamb of God, for man to die,
And by vicarious death obtain
A Paradise for him again.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The Saviour came to Jerusalem, not as a King with rolling chariots and prancing steeds, in all the pomp and circumstance of royalty; not as a Conqueror, with armed legions, to take vengeance on His enemies. Though King of kings, and Lord of lords, He came not on a martial steed with housings of purple and gold, but in simple guise, meek and lowly, upon an ass's colt, the emblem of patient suffering, whose caparison was but the simple garments of His own disciples.

He came, not to destroy the city that had rejected Him, but in His tenderness He wept tears of pity over its coming destruction; not to punish the enemies that reviled Him, but to lament their dreadful sufferings in the future. To rebuke the pride and ostentation of the world, and teach humility to His followers, He came in modest apparel, and on a humble beast. He came as the Prince of Peace to Salem, the city of Peace, to offer its people true peace and happiness; and they strew His way with branches of olive and palm, the emblems of joy and peace; and the multitude with the children shout, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

But, alas, for the fickleness of human nature! It is to be feared that many, who with the multitude, hailed the Saviour's advent to Jerusalem, with hosannas, joined His enemies, afterwards, in execrating Him, and united in the cry, Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

Prayer.

Blessed Saviour and God, who didst deign to come in meekness and lowliness to Jerusalem, and, amid the praises and acclamations of the multitude, didst shed tears of compassion over the devoted city, help me to subdue all pride and vanity in my heart. May I ever follow Thy blessed example, and delight more in patience and in love to others than in the praises and favor of men; and may I feel for their misfortunes and deplore their transgressions with fulness of compassion. Amen!

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Monday in Passion Week.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE. DESECRATION OF THE TEMPLE.

Requirement.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.—St. Matt. iii: 8.

Gospel Narrative.

And on the morrow, when they were come from Bethany, he was hungry. And seeing a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, he came, if haply he might find anything thereon; and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves: for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever. And his disciples heard it. And they come to Jerusalem: and Jesus went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves.—St. Mark xi: 12, 15. St. Matt. xxi: 18, 19. St. Luke xix: 45.

THE Saviour, hungered, comes for fruit,
But findeth only leaves;
And disappointed of His hope
His spirit inly grieves,

Because the fig-tree as a type
Of His own people stood,
Whose pompous ceremonial rites
Were barren of all good.

Year after year His Father came
To it for fruit, and found
But leaves; and now cries, "Cut it down!
Why cumbereth it the ground?"

Prophet and Priest had spoke in vain,
Probation now is o'er;
Let no man gather fruit of thee
Henceforth for evermore!

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The Saviour often employed natural objects to teach and enforce moral truths. The fig-tree was a type of the Jewish people, and was often introduced in parables, in which the tree and its branches were presented as emblems of the progress or decay of the nation. This was the tree of which the Saviour spoke, that He had dressed and watered, and which was to be cut down if it bore no fruit. The rites and ceremonies, which the Jews zealously observed, were only leaves, but "the weightier matters of the Law, justice, judgment, mercy, and faith," (St. Matt. xxiii: 23,) which they omitted, were the fruit that was wanting.

The words of the Saviour to the fig-tree, "Let no man eat fruit of thee hereafter forever," were not the expression of resentment against the fig-tree, but were intended to announce to the Disciples, in an emblematical manner, that the probation of Jerusalem was at an end. Hence, when He wept over the city, He said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thy eyes."—St. Luke xix: 42.

Prayer.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the privileges and means of grace with which we have been favored—for Thy divine word with its sublime doctrines—for the sanctuary in which Thou hast recorded Thy name—for its preached gospel, and its strengthening ordinances—for the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier, that has sought to woo us away from the world, and win us unto Thee. Oh, help us to value and improve all our means of grace, that we may be "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;" (Ps. i: 3,) lest when the Master of the vineyard comes for the fruit which He requires, He may find nothing but leaves. Make us earnest and fruitful, and save us for Christ's sake. Amen!

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Tuesday in Passion Week.

FIG-TREE WITHERED. FAITH AND PRAYER. PARABLES.

Judgment.

And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.—St. Matt. iii: 10.

Gospel Narrative.

And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Master, behold, the fig-tree which thou cursedst is withered away. And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye shall have them.—St. Mark xi: 20, 22, 24.

And Jesus answered and spake unto them again by parables.—St. Matt. xxii: 1.

THE curtain of futurity
Before Christ's vision lay unrolled;
What His omniscient eye did see,
His voice prophetic then foretold.

He saw the Holy City's fall,—
Beheld the temple wrapt in flame;
The ruin that, o'erspreading all,
Left of her glories but a name.

He thought that in the fig-tree's fate
His followers would not fail to see
Jerusalem laid desolate,
As He foretold them it would be.

And now, commending faith and prayer,
He spake in parables again,
Clothing in simple guise the truths
Of mighty import unto men.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

As the Disciples had heard the parable of the vineyard, the Saviour supposed that they would understand the curse and withering of the fig-tree as typifing the close of the probation of Jerusalem, and its final destruction. Well had the Master of the vineyard said, "What could I have done for my vineyard that I have not done?" With an outstretched arm He had rescued them from the house of Egyptian bondage; He had parted the Red Sea that they might pass over dry-shod; for forty years He had fed them in the desert with manna from heaven and water from the rock;—had given them the Law;—instituted and hallowed with His presence the Tabernacle and the Temple—had established rites and ceremonies to remind them of the past deliverance, and to foreshadow the great salvation that was to come. He had given them Seers to instruct, Prophets to warn, and Priests to atone for them—had enriched them by His blessings, and chastised them by His judgments; and, at last, sent His Son to instruct them, to convince them by miracles, to denounce their impenitence, and, after fulfilling all the types and shadows of the Law, finally to suffer death upon the Cross—all to no avail. Heaven had exhausted its resources, in vain, to save them. The axe is now laid at the root of the tree, and Justice cries, Cut it down!

Prayer.

Most merciful Father and God, enter not into judgment with me, Thy child, but grant me true repentance for my sins. Blessed Saviour, intercede for me, and strengthen in me all good resolutions, that I may be watchful and prayerful, "ever looking unto Thee, the author and finisher of our faith; who endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." Holy Spirit, by Thy blessed influence enable me to resist all temptations, and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," through Christ our Redeemer and Mediator. Amen!

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Wednesday in Passion Week.

CONSPIRACY. BETRAYAL OF CHRIST BY JUDAS.

Prophesy.

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed.—Psa. ii: 2.

And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. Zech. xi: 12.

Gospel Narrative.

And the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill him; for they feared the people. Then entered Satan into Judas surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the twelve. And he went his way, and communed with the chief priests and captains, how he might betray him unto them.

And they were glad, and covenanted to give him money.—St. Luke xxii: 2, 5. St. Matt. xxvi: 1, 16. St. Mark xiv: 1, 11. St. John xiii: 21, 30.

THE Priests and Scribes, in their mad ire,
Against the Saviour's life conspire;
But still forbear to shed His blood,
Because they fear the multitude.

Then Satan comes with zeal malign
To aid their murderous design;
Enters the vile Iscariot's breast,
'Till avarice all his soul possessed.

The Traitor seeks the wicked band—
The capture of his Lord is planned—
The price is named, the compact made—
The thirty silver pieces paid.

Now Judas is to lead the horde
With swords and staves against His Lord;
And with a treacherous kiss betray
His Master to be led away.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Judas, one of the twelve, impelled by avarice, sought the chief priests and scribes, and covenanted to betray his Master for thirty pieces of silver. The Saviour, who in His meekness bore the insolence of the Jewish rabble, and the mockery and scourging of the Roman soldiers, appears to complain of this conspiracy of His enemies, and the treachery of His disciple, "All that hate Me whisper together against Me, as they devise My hurt. Yea, Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of My bread, hath lifted up his heel against Me".—Psa. xii: 7, 9. And again, (Psa. iv: 12, 13,) "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it. But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide and my acquaintance."

The Saviour had made Judas one of His nearest companions, had admitted him to His intimate counsels, had distinguished him by acts of confidence and kindness, had admonished and warned him; yet the perfidious traitor offers to sell, for the price of the meanest slave, the Master who had loved him, the God who had created him and all things, (St. John i: 3,) who so highly valued the human soul as to employ His whole life, and give His precious blood for his salvation. Consider, O my soul, who dost detest Judas, hast thou never betrayed the Saviour for some trifling gain, some unlawful pleasure, or disorderly passion?

Prayer.

Almighty Father and God! warned by the fall of one who had been called by Christ Himself, and trained up by Him as one of His Apostles, and was empowered to work miracles and cast out devils, may I ever keep before me the injunction, Watch and pray; and so mistrusting myself, and placing all my confidence in God alone, work out my salvation with fear and trembling before Thee. Graciously guide me ever by Thy counsel, support me by Thy grace, and save me through the merit and mediation of Christ, the Redeemer. Amen!

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Holy Thursday in Passion Week.

THE PASSOVER. EUCHARIST. GETHSEMANE. ARREST.

Christ our Passover.

Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Corinth. v : 7.

For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.—Psa. lxxxviii : 3.

Gospel Narrative.

And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them : and they made ready the passover. Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve.—St. Matt. xxvi : 19. 20.

And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as great drops of blood falling down to the ground.—St. Luke xxii : 44.

And they that had laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas the high priest.—St. Matt. xxvi : 57.

THE ancient feast is ended now,
The new one cometh in,
When our Passover, Christ is slain
For man His creature's sin.

He took the bread and brake, "This is
MY BODY broke for you!"
Then took the cup, "This is MY BLOOD
Of testament the new."

Then 'mid the shades of Olivet,
The penalty of pain
For sin He paid, 'till sweat of blood
Fell down in purple rain.

Then from these agonies He went
Calmly to meet His foes;
Betrayed, mocked, tried, condemned, He met
The Cross with all its woes.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The Passover was to remind the Israelites of their deliverance from Egyptian bondage and their journey to the Land of Canaan. It was a type of the deliverance by the Son of God from the thraldom of sin, and the journeying of ransomed souls to the heavenly Canaan. The Paschal Lamb, on which they feasted, was a type of the Lamb of God, who was without spot or blemish, (Exodus xi: 5,) and was now about to be sacrificed. The type was now to end, since what it typified was come to take its place. Hence, the Saviour, having partaken of the *old feast*, instituted the *new* Eucharistic feast, in which His disciples, and His followers after them, partake of His precious body and blood.

The march and wanderings of the Israelites through the wilderness and desert, though historic, were an allegory of the trials and vicissitudes of Christian pilgrimage through the wilderness of this world to a better country, even an heavenly.

The feast being ended, the Saviour and His disciples sing a hymn, and go up to the Mount of Olives, where in the garden of Gethsemane, as He wrestles in prayer, great drops of sweat as blood are wrung from Him in His agony. Hither comes Judas with a band of soldiers who arrest Him and lead Him to Annas and Caiaphas.

Prayer.

All honor and praise be unto Thee, O Christ, that having eaten the Passover with Thy disciples, according to the Law, Thou didst give them an example of holy love and perfect humility in that Thou, the Son of God, the Creator of all things, didst wash thy disciples' feet, even his who Thou knewest would betray Thee. We adore and magnify Thy name, that with Gethsemane and the Cross in view, Thou didst institute the Eucharistic Sacrament of Thy precious body and blood, to be a perpetual remembrance of Thy love and passion. Blessed Saviour, purify, guide and save me. Amen!

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Good Friday in Passion Week.

ARRAIGNED BEFORE PILATE. CONDEMNED. CRUCIFIED.

Prophesy.

They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head: they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty.—Psa. lxix: 4.

Gospel Narrative.

And when they had bound him, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor.—St. Matt. xxvii: 2.

And so Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him. And Jesus cried with a loud voice, and gave up the ghost.—St. Mark xv.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth. And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock.—St. Matt. xxvii: 59, 60.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
  Ye that feel the Tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
  Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
  View the LORD of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
  Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the Cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
  There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
  GOD'S own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

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Meditation.

Awake from thy lethargy, O my soul! Behold thy Saviour wearied for want of rest, His face marred and disfigured, and His hands bound. They lead Him from Caiaphas to Pilate as a disturber of the peace; from Pilate to Herod as a rebel who wishes to make himself a king; from Herod back to Pilate mocked as a foolish person, and from Pilate to the pillar for scourging, and afterward to the Cross as a malefactor. Behold, O my soul, this innocent lamb in the midst of wolves! See the blows they inflict on Him, the outrages they commit! Hear the blasphemies of the soldiers, the taunts of the priests, the raillery of the Pharisees, and the cries and maledictions of the populace! The streets lately consecrated by His miracles and acts of charity are now the theatre of His ignominies. Yet in the general agitation He is calm, in the tumult, silent, and in the midst of violence and outrage, meek and gentle. He neither murmurs nor complains, but for thee, O my soul, patiently endures all the wickedness of His accusers, the injustice of the judgment-hall and the horrors of the crucifixion.

Prayer.

Almighty and most merciful God, I thank Thee that, for the confirmation of the faith of mankind, Thy inspired Prophets announced, long before their occurrence, the circumstances attending the passion and death of Christ—His rejection by the Jews, His betrayal by a kiss,—His abandonment by His disciples,—the contumely He suffered at the High Priest's—in the judgment-hall of Pilate,—and before Herod, the buffeting and scourging, His condemnation, crucifixion, and death.

Blessed Jesus, Thou suffering Son of God, may what Thou hast done and suffered melt my heart to tenderness, and fill it with love and gratitude to Thee. Give me grace to keep Thy commandments and imitate Thy blessed example, that, living and suffering with Thee on earth, I may reign with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Saturday in Passion Week.

CHRIST RESTS IN THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

Prophesy.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.—Isa. liii: 9.

Gospel Narrative.

Now the next day that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch: go your way, make it as sure as you can.

So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.—St. Matt. xxvii: 62-66.

TOIL and pain are over now;
Bring the spices and the myrrh;
Fold the limb and bind the brow,
In the rich man's sepulchre.

Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight:—
Stone by earthquake rolled away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

Alleluia! Christ is risen;
Struck with fear His keepers fell
When He burst His rock-hewn prison,
Triumphing o'er Death and Hell.

HARRIS.

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Meditation.

Pain and agony are over, and the Saviour is laid in the tomb of Joseph. Being very man as well as very God, He would undergo the law of death and the conditions of a *dead* man, as He had those of a *living*. Reposing in His rock-hewn sepulchre, He verified the words of the Psalmist: I am counted with them that go down to the pit; I am as a man that has no strength; free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave.—Psa. lxxxviii: 4, 5.

When the Father Almighty had completed the work of Creation, He rested on the seventh day, and hallowed it as the Sabbath or day of rest. In like manner the Son, having completed the work of Redemption, rested from His labors.

His body rested in the earth three days according to His prediction; but His soul descended into Hades to the souls of the righteous, whence it came back and reanimated His body, when He arose from the dead. This took place on the first day of the week, which was consecrated as the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath. With what joy and rejoicing did the spirits of the righteous receive Him? The Prophets, Priests and Martyrs of the *old* dispensation, and the Forerunner of the *new*. With what adoration did they worship Him, the immaculate Lamb, who came by the blood of His covenant to lead the prisoners from the pit. (Zech. ix: 2.) With what hymns of holy triumph did these celebrate His conquest of Death, Hell, and the Grave, who, as conqueror, leads the way upwards, taking with Him the army of the Saints; for, because He lives, they shall live also.

Prayer.

Blessed Saviour, we thank Thee for all that Thou hast done for us. Thou hast borne our sorrows, that we might rejoice. Thou wast bound with cords, that we might be loosed from sin. Thou wast scourged, that by Thy stripes we might be healed. Thou didst wear a crown of thorns, that we might wear a royal diadem. Thou didst die that we might live, and didst desend into Hades that we might ascend to Heaven. Ever guide, guard, and save us. Amen!

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Easter Sunday.

RESURRECTION OF THE SAVIOUR.

Prophesy.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell: neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.—Psa. xvi: 9, 10.

Gospel Narrative.

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre. And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men. And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.—St. Matt. xxviii: 1-6. St. Mark xvi: 1-6. St. Luke xxiv: 1-6. St. John xx: 1-14.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens; thou, earth, reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight,—the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ has burst the gates of Hell!
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies.

CHAS. WESLEY.

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Meditation.

He who lay in death, is risen in glory. As an emblem of the harmonious consent of the Trinity, He rose on the third day after His death. He rose on the first day of the week to *redeem* the world, on the same day on which it was created. During the three days the Godhead neither left His body in the tomb nor His soul in Hades, and what it had severed it again reunited. But when His body arose, it was spiritualized and glorious, such as it appeared in His transfiguration on the mount, and is the pattern of what our body is to be hereafter, when the righteous shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

At the crucifixion darkness veiled the sky, and the earth was moved in mournful sympathy with His passion; but angels with heavenly light and an earthquake announced their joy at His resurrection. This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it; for death is swallowed up in victory. Alleluia.

Christ to-day, with the thief upon the Cross, passed the flaming sword at the gate of Paradise, saying to the angel, (Psa. cxviii: 19,) open to me the gates of righteousness, that I may go in and give thanks to the Lord. Alleluia!

Prayer.

Blessed Lord Jesus, who didst burst the bonds of death, and rise in glorious majesty, grant me power to rise from the death of sin to a life of righteousness, and to walk in newness of living, that, at the general resurrection, my flesh may rise to glory, and in heaven eternally rejoice with Thee, in soul and body.

BY THINE AGONY AND BLOODY SWEAT; BY THY CROSS AND PASSION; BY THY PRECIOUS DEATH AND BURIAL; BY THY GLORIOUS RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION, AND BY THE COMING OF THE HOLY GHOST, GOOD LORD DELIVER US! Amen!

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Christ's Ascension to Heaven.

HIS ASCENSION INTO GLORY.

Prophesy.

Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men. Psa.—lxviii 18.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? even the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.—Psa. xxiv: 8, 9, 10.

Gospel Narrative.

And He led them out as far as Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven. And they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. St. Luke xxiv: 50, 51, 52. St. Mark xvi: 19. Acts i: 1, 10, 11.

JESUS, who came our race to save,
Had conquered sin, death, and the grave;
And now that He ascends on high,
He captive leads captivity.

When He had blessed the multitude,
That on the Mount of Olives stood,
Gazing with awe mixed with delight,
A cloud received Him out of sight.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of gold,
Ye everlasting doors, unfold,
And let the King of glory in,
The conqueror of Death and sin.

The Father has received the Son,
And Jesus stands before the throne,
For guilty man to intercede,
And His prevailing death to plead.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Forty days had now elapsed since the Saviour's resurrection. He had spent the time with His disciples, instructing them in the mysteries of His kingdom upon earth, and encouraging their hearts with the promise of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. His work was now complete, (St. John xvii: 4,) His mission was ended, and He was about to return to the glorious Heaven which He had left, on His errand of love and mercy, for the redemption of the world. Having finished His instructions and admonitions, He leads them forth the same way they had followed Him to Gethsemane, the scene of His agony—through the gate, over the brook Kedron, and up the sides of Olivet, as far as Bethany, that they may witness His glorious Ascension. How many recollections crowded upon the mind in that last journey!

Arrived at the well known place, surrounded by His disciples, the beloved companions of His journeys, the hearers of His discourses, and the witnesses of His miracles: as well as those who had been the subjects of His miracles,—the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame, whom He had restored to health and soundness,—with hundreds who, convinced of His infinite power and Godhead, had believed on His name.

Having completed His last instructions, He spreads out His pierced hands in benediction; and as He blesses them, He is slowly parted from them, and a cloud, perhaps a convoy of angels, receives Him out of sight.

Prayer.

Give me grace, O Lord God, my heavenly Father, that, being spiritually-minded, I may set my affections not upon things on earth, but on things above, whither Christ our forerunner is entered, and that, ascending in heart and mind with Him, I may continually dwell with Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen!

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Pentecost.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Prophesy.

And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.—Joel ii: 28, 29.

Gospel Narrative.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance.—Acts ii: 1-4.

CREATOR, Spirit! Deity!
Who art from all eternity;
Who, moving on the watery waste
Of Chaos, earth's foundations traced,
And light and order gave the whole:
Illume—reform the darkened soul.

Almighty God, the Holy Ghost,
Who didst descend at Pentecost
Christ's faithful followers to inspire
With hearts of flame and tongues of fire;
Oh! fill our hearts with love's pure flame—
Inspire our tongues to praise His name.

Then full of faith and love and zeal,
We will proclaim the truths we feel,
And in our words and actions prove
The power of God's almighty love;
And each day be a Pentecost
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The blessed Master, before His ascension, had promised His disciples that He would not leave them comfortless, but would send the Paraclete, the third Person in the adorable Trinity, who at His coming would baptize them with the Holy Ghost and with fire, and should ever abide with and in them.

According to Christ's word, the Holy Spirit descended from heaven, with a pure light to illuminate each mind, and a fervent heat to inflame each breast; while cloven tongues as of fire sat upon each of them—showing that they were miraculously endowed with the gift of tongues, and thus fitted as messengers of the everlasting gospel to "go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—St. Matt. xxviii: 19.

And when they began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance, devout Jews dwelling at Jerusalem, and strangers out of every nation under heaven, were amazed and confounded when every man heard them in the tongue wherein he was born.

Then Peter standing up in the midst, quoted the prophesy that foretold this miracle, and, after referring to the Saviour's history, ended his sermon by declaring that He whom they had crucified, was both Lord and Christ. Pricked to the heart, and counselled by Peter to repent and be baptized, they received the word gladly, and were baptized to the number of three thousand souls.

Prayer.

O God the Holy Ghost, I beseech Thee breathe those graces into my soul which will make it a fit temple for Thy indwelling; and vouchsafe unto me the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, the spirit of counsel and knowledge, the spirit of holiness and of the fear of the Lord, (Isa. xi: 3,) that, directed and sustained by these, I may attain to everlasting life, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, who, with the Father and Thee, liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen!

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Ecce Homo.

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HOROLOGY OF THE PASSION

OF OUR LORD.

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AN HOROLOGY

OF THE

SACRED PASSION

OF

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST,

DETAILING THE EVENTS

OF

EACH HOUR.

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Object of the Horology.

For the comfort of the afflicted, who are made to possess months of vanity, to whom wearisome nights are appointed, (Job. vii: 3,) and who are, in some measure, permitted to share the Saviour's cup of agony, I have attempted to give the time in which the awful scenes of His Passion may have transpired. While the exact period of the several events cannot be fixed, yet sufficient accuracy may be arrived at to enable the devout sufferer, on his bed of pain and languishment, during the still watches of the night, to follow his suffering Lord, hour by hour, and step by step, through His awful Passion.

And to those who watch by the sick bed of beloved friends, this Horology of the Passion may also serve to fill up devoutly and profitably the long and weary hours of their ministration to the sick.

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Jesus Eats the Passover.

HOLY THURSDAY, 6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Institution.

And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? That ye shall say, it is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses.—Exod. xii: 26, 27.

Gospel Narrative.

Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the passover? And he said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover. Now when even was come, he sat down with the twelve. St. Matt. xxvi: 17-20. St. Mark xiv: 15-17. St. Luke xxii: 7-14.

GREAT Antitype of all the Law,
By sacrifice or rite portrayed,
The Paschal Lamb without a spot,
Thou wast the World's passover made.

Zealous to satisfy the Law,
Obedient to thy Father's will,
Thou didst observe the final feast,
And thus all righteousness fulfil.

Thou Paschal Lamb, the precious blood
That issued from Thy wounds Divine
Shall cleanse us by its healing flood,
And sign and seal us ever thine.

With girded loins and sandalled feet,
And pilgrim staff to take our road,
Of our Passover, Christ, we eat,
And enter on our march to God.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

In Egypt the Israelites, enslaved, were under bitter servitude. Their groans under cruel taskmasters, and the blood of their infants, cried to heaven, and God in answer sent plagues for their deliverance from bondage. The waters of the Nile, in which their children were thrown, were changed to blood; frogs and insects defiled their houses; murrain, with boils, fell upon man and beast; hail and tempest smote shrub and tree, and what the storm spared the locusts devoured; darkness that could be felt enveloped everything, and at midnight the destroying angel passed over Egypt smiting the first-born of the land, from Pharaoh upon his throne to the maid behind the mill.—Exodus xi: 5.

At this time of horror and dismay, the Israelites in their families, with girded loins and staves in their hands, according to God's instruction, were eating the Paschal Lamb,—with the blood of which they sprinkled the door-posts and lintel of their dwellings, to protect them from the destroying angel as he passed over the land. This Paschal Lamb, which was without spot or blemish, and a bone of which was not to be broken, (Exod. xii: 46,) was a type of the blessed Saviour, whose blood was to sprinkle many nations, (Isa. lii: 15,) and who was to be the passover of the World's redemption from the bondage of sin. The Jewish Passover was no longer a shadow of good things *to come*, though the Jews continued to observe it till the destruction of their city and temple, since which it has never been celebrated. They still, however, use unleavened bread at the season.

Prayer.

All honor and glory be unto Thee, O Christ, that according to the requirements of the Law, Thou didst eat the Passover with Thy disciples at Jerusalem, and give to all Thy followers an example of perfect humility and love. Grant me grace, in like manner, to obey all Thy precepts, to cast aside all pride and arrogance, and exercise love and charity towards all men, for Thy sake. Amen!

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Jesus washes the Disciples' Feet.

THURSDAY, 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Humility Taught.

Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, yé also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.—St. John xiii: 13-15.

Gospel Narrative.

He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that, he poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. Then cometh he to Simon Peter: and Peter saith unto him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Peter saith unto him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.—St. John xiii: 4-6, 8, 9.

BEHOLD what condescending love,
What deep humility,
Hath Christ, descending from above,
Shown creatures such as we.

Enrobed in majesty on high,
He leaves His Father's throne,
To travail, suffer, and to die
For sin, but not his own.

A charity was thus displayed
As boundless as the sea;
And an example now is made
Of meek humility.

The Lord of all, He condescends
To fill a menial's place,
And washes His disciples' feet
To teach this lowly grace.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

When supper was ended, He who was in the form of God took upon Him the form of a servant, and, with infinite condescension, stooped to perform the most menial service. He poured water into a basin, and kneeling down began to wash His disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. Even so He was soon to pour out His soul unto death, that with His most precious blood He might wash away the filth of sin.

We judge of the importance of things by comparison. Abraham provided water for his angel guests, that they might wash their feet; Joseph directed the steward of his house to wash the feet of his brethren from the dust of travel; but the Son of God, the Creator and Lord of all, that He might give an example of meekness, humility, and condescension to all His followers, stoops to wash the feet of His disciples, even of the vile Traitor who He knew was about to betray Him. We are here taught to show mutual kindness, humility, and charity among ourselves, minister to one another's necessities, forgive injuries, and pray for each other, and thus practice the two graces of humility and love as His last testament to His followers. "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you."—St. John xv: 12, 13.

Prayer.

All glory and honor to Thee, O Christ, for Thy precious precepts and blessed example, and especially that, to shame our selfishness and arrogance, Thou didst wash the feet of Thy disciples. May this example penetrate my heart, that I may be ready to perform the humblest offices to my friends and neighbors, and, with fervent charity, love all men for Thy sake. Amen!

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Jesus institutes the Eucharist.

HOLY THURSDAY 8, O'CLOCK, P. M.

The New Passover.

Even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.—1 Cor. v: 7, 8.

Gospel Narrative.

And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.—St. Matt. xxvi: 26-28. St. Mark xiv: 22-24. St. Luke xxii: 19, 20.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and Hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake.

This is My body—broke for sin—
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
'Tis the new covenant in My blood.

Do this, He cried, till time shall end;
Meet at My table, and record,
In memory of your dying friend,
The love of your departed Lord.

ISAAC WATTS.

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Meditation.

The time was at hand when Christ, who was the Antitype of all the sacrifices under the Law, was to offer Himself a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. His entry into Jerusalem, in fulfilment of the ancient figures of the Law, was upon the same day in which the Paschal Lambs were brought into the city, and He chose for the institution of the Eucharistic Feast of the new Law the same night in which the Passover of the old was celebrated. His words (St. Luke xxii: 16,) announce the substitution of the new Passover for the old.

Supper being ended, the Saviour with great solemnity took bread, and blessed it, and gave to His disciples, saying: Take, eat, THIS IS MY BODY. Then taking the cup, He gave thanks, and said, Drink ye all of it; for THIS IS MY BLOOD, which is shed for many. In His sermon at Capernaum, He had prepared His disciples for the reception of this mystery. (St. John vi: 49, 51, 54.)

How solemn was the scene! There sat the Master with the Twelve who had been the companions of His journeys, the auditors of His discourses, and the witnesses of His miracles—the beloved John leaning upon His bosom, the impetuous Peter beside Him, the obedient Andrew, (St. Matt. iv: 20,) Matthew who gave up tax-gathering, (St. Matt. ix: 9,) and James who forsook all to follow Him, (St. Matt. iv: 22,) the doubting Thomas, the scowling Judas, and the other disciples—all filled with awe at the mystery of which they had partaken, and with fear and horror for the expected betrayal and death of their Lord.

Prayer.

I adore and give thanks unto Thee, O blessed Saviour! that Thou didst institute the Eucharistic Sacrament in which Thou didst give us Thy precious body and blood. Give me grace, Son of God, ever to approach Thy altars with humility, reverence, and a contrite spirit, and faith to receive the consecrated bread and wine, as Thou didst intend them to be received, by Thy own precious words, whether emblematically or substantially. Amen!

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Jesus in Gethsemane.

HOLY THURSDAY, 9 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Prophesy.

My soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave. I am counted with them that go down into the pit; I am as a man that has no strength.—Psa. lxxxviii: 3, 4.

Gospel Narrative.

Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go pray yonder. And he took with him Peter, and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here and watch with me.—St Matt. xxvi. 26-28. St. Mark xiv: 22-24. St. Luke xxii: 19,20.

TRANSGRESSION first upreared its head
Within the garden's quiet shade;
There sin to death and sorrow led—
There must its penalty be paid.

Beneath the shades of Olivet
Immanuel's agony began,
The groans,—the tears,—the bloody sweat,
The penalty for guilty man.

Upon His human nature rest
Earth's sins, for which He must atone;
Beneath the load He sinks oppressed,—
He treads the wine-press all alone!

Dissolved in tears, upon the ground
The suffering, sorrowing Saviour lies,
While His disciples sleep around,
Unmindful of His tears and cries.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Jesus with His disciples having crossed the brook Kedron, ascended the Mount of Olives, and entered Gethsemane. Here He bade them sit down while He would proceed farther and pray. He took with Him James, Peter, and John, who had witnessed the glory of His transfiguration, that they might behold His humiliation and agony. In the garden of Eden the first Adam had transgressed, and entailed sin and sorrow upon all his race; and now in a garden Christ, the second Adam, comes to suffer the penalty of sin, to restore fallen man to the favor of God, and give him a title to a fairer Eden than the one which he had lost.

The great atonement for the sins of the world now commenced, and the blessed Saviour "began to be sorrowful," for He had begun to "bear our sorrows," (Isa. liii: 4,) and to feel in His righteous soul the bitter agony which He was soon to experience in His human body. With a heart filled with loving sympathy for all our race, He felt a yearning for affection in return. What agony then must have wrung His heart when He found the trusted few asleeep, whom He had brought to watch with Him in His sorrow! He trod the wine-press all alone!

Prayer.

O Lord our heavenly Father, impress my heart ever with the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It caused thine only-begotten Son to assume our nature, and in sorrow and suffering to pass through all the stages of our mortal existence, from the cradle to the Cross, that He might atone for the sins of the world, and in His life and in His death be an example to all His followers, of patience, love, and charity.

Blessed Jesus, fill my heart with love and gratitude to Thee for all that Thou hast done for me, and teach me to be meek and gentle, humble and patient, compassionate and charitable, and under the pressure of sorrows felt or feared, to seek relief in prayer, yet ever with resignation to the Divine will. Amen!

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Jesus Prays to His Father.

HOLY THURSDAY, 10 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Prophesy.

Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?

Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.—Psa. lxxxviii: 14, 18.

Gospel Narrative.

And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh unto the disciple, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What: could ye not watch with me one hour? He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.—St. Matt. xxvi: 39, 40, 42, 43. St. Mark xiv: 35-39. St. Luke xxii: 41-46.

THE Saviour, as He bent in prayer,
Beheld the fearful cup
Of wormwood and of gall man's sin
For Him had filled up.

He heard the rabble's angry threat,
He felt the Traitor's kiss;
The scourge, the crown of thorns, the nails—
He heard the scorn—the hiss.

And His mild nature shrinking from
This vision as it rose—
These agonies—the flight of friends—
The triumph of His foes,—

He cried, If it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me;
Yet not My will but Thine be done!
O God, I bow to Thee.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The atonement for sin by the Son of God had now begun. The sins of the whole world were upon Him—all that had been committed, from the primal transgression in Eden down to that period, and all that would be committed to the end of time—all, all pressed upon Him; and His sensitive human soul shrank from the horrors that rose before Him—the betrayal of one disciple by a kiss—the denial by another, and the flight of all—the conduct of His captors, the injustice of the High Priest—the brutal conduct of the soldiers, the mockery by Herod and His persecutors—the taunts of His enemies—His condemnation by the unjust Pilate—the scourge, the crown of thorns, the nails, the Cross, and the hiding of His Father's face. He foresaw all, and in His agony He cried, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." It was His human will that wished the cup of sorrow to pass from Him, but His divinity came to strengthen Him, and enable Him to declare His resignation to the will of His heavenly Father. "Then said I, Lo! I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is written in my heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation."—Psa. xl: 7, 8.

Prayer.

Blessed Saviour, help me to follow Thy example of conformity to the Divine will. Enable me to accept all the afflictions, disappointments, disquietudes, and ills of life as the discipline of a merciful Father, intended to refine and purify the dross of my earthly nature, and fit me for heaven. Give me faith to believe that "Our earthly afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv: 7.

With these convictions, may I ever submit my own will to the will of my heavenly Father, who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. Amen!

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Jesus Consoled by an Angel.

HOLY THURSDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Prophesy.

He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.—Psa. xci: 11 12.

Gospel Narrative.

And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.

And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.—St. Luke xxii: 41-45.

'Tis midnight—and on Olives' brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight in the garden now,
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken of His God.

'Tis midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that Angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. TAPPAN.

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Meditation.

The ministry of Angels was often employed under the old dispensation. They took a deep interest in the life and passion of our Lord. They announced His birth on the plains of Bethlehem, strengthened Him in His painful fast and temptation, comforted Him in His great agony in the garden, rolled away the stone of the sepulchre, and announced His resurrection. They witnessed His Ascension into Heaven, and proclaimed His second coming, when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him.—Acts i: 10, 11.

How awful must have been His agony in the garden! He was a man without strength, (Psa. lxxxviii: 4,) when an angel appeared strengthening Him. In His agony His sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground. Was this precious blood to redeem the earth from the curse, and atone for all the blood that had cried to heaven, from the blood of Abel, down through the ages? How consolatory is the thought that, as Angels ministered to the humanity of the Divine Saviour, they will also be with us to strengthen and console us in our need, for, "Are they not all ministering Spirits to those who are the heirs of salvation?"–Heb. i: 14.

Prayer.

Heavenly Father, I bless Thy name that Thou hast promised that we shall not be tempted beyond what we are able to bear; but that in every temptation Thou wilt provide a way of escape. Strengthen me, O God, in all the temptations of life by Thine own Almighty power, or through Thy ministering servants, that I may not fall into sin, or give way to despair, but triumph over my spiritual enemies through the power given to me. And in all the sorrows and sufferings of life, comfort me with a sense of Thy love, and may I feel that in Thy compassion Thou hast sent Thy ministering angels to inspire consolation and hope. Amen!

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Jesus Betrayed by Judas.

HOLY THURSDAY, 12 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Disciples Flee.

Yea, mine own familliar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.—Psa. xli: 9.

Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.—Zech. xiii: 7.

Gospel Narrative.

And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. Now he that betrayed him, gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master; and kissed him. Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.—St. Matt. xxvi: 47-50. St. Mark xiv: 43-46. St. Luke xxii: 47, 48, 52, 54. St. John xviii.

AWAKE against My Shepherd, sword!
Against My fellow, saith the Lord;
And smite the Shepherd, smite for me,
And the sheep shall scattered be.

Behold a band with sword and stave,
As if against a thief or knave,
Approaches, by the Traitor led,
Who by a kiss betrays His Head.

Unawed by force, unmoved by fear,
The Saviour meets the danger here;
But His disciples, when they see
Their Master taken, turn and flee.

The soldiers seize,—His hands are bound,
And He, in whom no fault was found,
Nor aught of guile, nor of deceit,
Is hurried to Caiaphas' seat.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Jesus bound with cords was taken amid the curses of the rabble to Annas one of the chief priests, and thence to Caiaphas the High Priest's, where the chief priests, the elders, and the scribes were gathered together. False witnesses came to testify against him, but their testimony did not agree, even in the judgment of this prejudiced court: the High Priest then adjured Him by the living God to declare whether He was the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus replied, Thou hast said: nevertheless, I say unto you, Hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven; thus asserting His divine power and Godhead. Hereupon the High Priest rent his garments, declaring that He had uttered blasphemy; and all agreed with him that He was guilty of death. Then did the vile multitude offer Him every indignity. They spit in His face—that face upon which the angels delight to gaze, and buffeted Him, while others smote Him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, Thou Christ, who is he that smote Thee?

The declaration of His divine character, by the Son of God, the Jews rejected to their own perdition; and, persecuted and maltreated in almost every nation, through the ages, they have suffered a fearful retribution from God for their wicked cruelty to His Son.

Prayer.

All praise and honor be unto Thee, blessed Jesus, our Lord and King, for Thy example of meekness under the indignities offered Thee before the proud High Priest. Restrain in me, I beseech Thee, all outbursts of passion under injury, all excitements to wrath under false accusation, and all desire of revenge for injustice,—and grant that I may bear wrong with a meek and quiet spirit, and learn to return good for evil. Amen!

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Jesus Denied by Peter.

GOOD FRIDAY, 2 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, That this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.—St. Matt. xxvi: 34.

Gospel Narrative.

Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. And when he was gone out into the porch, another maid saw him, and said unto them that were there, This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth. And after a while came unto him they that stood by, and said to Peter, Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee. Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.—St. Matt. xxvi: 69, 71, 73-75. St. Mark xiv: 54, 66-72. St. Luke xxii: 54-62. St. John xviii: 15-18, 25-27.

WHILE with the Master, confident
And brave, His bold disciple stood,
But trembled when he saw Him bound
And heard them clamor for His blood.

A paleness then o'erspread His face,
A chillness through life's current ran,
And he denied Him with an oath,—
Thrice saying, I know not the man.

The cock then crew: the Saviour turned,
With pity looked, but no word spoke;
With shame the cheek of Peter burned,—
With sorrow all his heart was broke.

He went without,—in solitude
Recalled his Master's tenderness;
Felt all his own ingratitude,—
And bitter tears wept in distress.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Our self-confidence often misleads us; we forget the injunction, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall;" and at the approach of danger, or under temptation our resolution forsakes us, and we fall. St. Peter slept, when Christ bid him "Watch and pray," and thus gave the Tempter power over him. He asserted that he was ready to follow his Master to prison and to death. Under a sudden impulse of passion, on the approach of the rabble band, he smote off the ear of the High Priest's servant; but when he saw his Master bound and led away, he fled with the other disciples. His courage afterwards rallied somewhat, and he followed, at a distance, to the High Priest's palace, to see the end. (St. Matt. xxvi: 58.) Here an unmanly fear overcame him: he trembled at the words of a servant maid, and denied his Master.

How fearfully progressive is sin! He first denied Christ by prevarication, then by an oath, lastly by oaths and curses. Here the crowing of the cock sounded the alarm to his conscience, he recalled his Master's words and his own unworthiness, and, as Christ turned and looked upon him with unutterable pity and tenderness, he went out and wept bitterly. Restored by penitence, and strengthened by faith, Peter on the day of Pentecost, and before the Sanhedrim of the Jews, stood up and fearlessly declared the divine character and mission of his Master. His fall made him modest and humble, as is seen in his replies to the Saviour's three questions, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" and in the mode of his crucifixion.

Prayer.

Most holy and merciful Saviour! who, when thrice denied by Peter, Thine Apostle, didst move him to penitence and tears, look upon me with an eye of mercy, that I may weep over my sins, and never more commit them, nor deny Thee in thought, word, or deed. Amen!

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Jesus Blindfolded and Buffeted.

GOOD FRIDAY, 3 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: I hid not my face from shame and spitting.—Isaiah 1: 6.

Gospel Narrative.

Then did they spit in his face and buffeted him: and others smote him with the palms of their hand, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, Who is he that smote thee?—St. Matt. xxvi: 67, 68.

And some began to spit on him, and to cover his face, and to buffet him, and to say unto him, Prophesy; and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands.—St. Mark xiv: 65.

And the men that held Jesus, mocked him, and smote him. And when they had blindfolded, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, Prophesy, who is it that smote thee?-St. Luke xxii: 63, 64.

FROM the dews of Olivet,
Faint and bathed in bloody sweat,
Jesus by the band is led,
While His own disciples fled.

See the Saviour where He stands,
Veiled His eyes, and bound His hands,
Eyes that all things do behold,—
Hands that framed the Heavens of old.

Meek before His creatures' bar,
Buffeted by men of war,
Scoffed at by the scornful Jew,—
Come, the great Creator view!

'Twas for thee He bore the scorn,
'Twas for thee His flesh was torn;
O my soul, thy Saviour see,
And live for Him who died for thee!

N. C. BROCKS.

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Meditation.

The Council, regarding Christ's assertion of divinity as blasphemy, adjudged Him worthy of death according to their Law: but, as Judea was under Roman rule, it was not lawful for them to put any one to death; they therefore adjourned till the morning, when they proposed to take Him to Pontius Pilate, the governor. In the meantime they left Him in the hands of the wicked rabble, who treated Him with indignity and great cruelty. They spit in His divine face, upon which the Angels of heaven delighted to gaze; they blindfolded and buffeted him, saying Prophesy, Thou Christ, who is it that smote Thee? They also reproached Him and loaded Him with curses and blasphemies of the most horrid character.—St. Luke xxii: 65.

What an awful night did this innocent Lamb pass in the fangs of these blood-thirsty wolves! Angels with songs of rejoicing hailed the natal morn of the blessed Jesus; but howling demons, in human shape, by outrage and blasphemy, made the last night of the Son of God upon earth a Pandemonium. But when reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not, but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously. He suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps. For what glory is it, if when we are buffeted for our faults, we take it patiently? But if when we do well and suffer for it we take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.—1 St. Peter ii: 20, 23.

Prayer.

All honor and glory be to Thee, Son of the living God, who for us didst endure the reproaches of men, and submit to be buffeted and smitten; grant me grace, O Lord, that I may bear patiently whatsoever injuries Thou mayst permit others to inflict on me; so that having suffered with Thee on earth, I may live with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Jesus Arraigned before Pilate.

GOOD FRIDAY, 4 O'CLOCK A. M.

Prophesy.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.—Isa. liii: 7.

Gospel Narrative.

And straightway in the morning the chief priests held a consultation with the elders and scribes and the whole council, and bound Jesus, and carried him away, and delivered him to Pilate. And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? And he answering said unto him, Thou sayest it. And the chief priests accused him of many things; but he answered nothing. And Pilate asked him again, saying, Answerest thou nothing? behold how many things they witness against thee. But Jesus answered nothing; so that Pilate marvelled.—St. Mark xv: 1-6. St. Matt. xxvii: 2, 11-14. St. Luke xxiii: 1-6. St. John xviii: 28-38.

By treason sold—for malice bought,
The guiltless was to Pilate brought;
Where priests and elders Him accused,—
But Christ to answer them refused.

Meek as the lamb for slaughter bred,
Dumb as a sheep to shearers led;
So did He bear His fearful lot,
And so His mouth He opened not.

The Governor then, of the betrayed
Inquiry of His kingdom made;
If He were of the Jews the King
Who did such accusations bring?

He was a King—a King of old—
Not of this world—Messiah told;—
His was a kingdom grand—sublime—
That antedates the birth of Time.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Early in the morning the whole Council of the Jews bound Jesus, and led him to Pontius Pilate the governor. They did not enter the Prætorium or judgment-hall, however, lest they might be defiled. While thus scrupulous about entering the house of a heathen, they did not hesitate to pollute themselves by breaking two cardinal laws of the Decalogue—those against murder and the bearing of false witness. With the view of taking away the life of the innocent Christ, they employed false witnesses to accuse Him of being a blasphemer and disturber of the peace, who perverted the nation and forbade to give tribute to Cæsar. What prejudice, what malevolence blinding the mind and hardening the heart!

They had heard Him utter words such as man never spake; they had seen His mighty works, such as man never wrought. With a few loaves of bread He had fed famishing multitudes. He had troden the boisterous sea, and bidden its waves be calm. He had given feet to the lame, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, and life to the dead. He had ever gone about doing good, and was holy, harmless and undefiled; yet they sought by false accusation to compass the death of the innocent and just. Before the tribunal of the proud Roman governor, in meekness and humility stood the Son of God, with the impious Jews around who uttered their maledictions and lying charges against Him: but He opened not His blessed mouth; and Pilate said, I find no fault in him.

Prayer.

O holy and immaculate Lamb, Son of the living God, who didst hear the false accusations of Thy enemies, yet didst not open Thy blessed mouth, grant me grace to bear the detractions of others, and to overcome their calumnies by silence. Give me Thy innocence and patience under unjust reproach, that I may be fitted to dwell with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Jesus sent by Pilate to Herod.

GOOD FRIDAY, 5 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

I have heard the blasphemy of the multitude, and fear is on every side, while they conspire together against me, and take their counsel to take away my life.—Psa. xxxi: 13.

Gospel Narrative.

And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself was also at Jerusalem at that time. And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long season, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him. Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing. And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate. And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together; for before they were at enmity between themselves.—St. Luke xxiii: 7-9, 11, 12.

THOUGH Pilate knew Him innocent,
And found in Him no fault at all,
His guiltless prisoner he sent
To haughty Herod's judgment-hall.

There when no miracle He wrought,
Nor to vain questions deigned reply,
A gorgeous robe in sport was brought
To clothe Him in mock majesty.

Then Herod and his men of war
Set him at naught, and bowed the knee
Before His presence, hailing Him
King of the Jews in mockery.

When wearied with their wicked sport,
And all their cruelties were o'er,
They sent their victim back again
To Pilate, to be tortured more.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

After His great agony in the Garden Jesus found His disciples asleep, and said, Rise, let us be going: lo, he is at hand that doth betray me. In the distance were seen torches gleaming, and the confused voices of a great multitude were heard; and soon a band with swords and staves were seen approaching, led by Judas, one of the twelve. He had enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his Master, and had partaken of His favors, had listened to His sermons, and witnessed His miracles, had been impowered to cast out devils, and had just partaken of the Eucharist from His blessed hands; yet the lust of gain had so filled his avaricious heart, that he had sold his loving Master to His enemies for a few pieces of silver.

The Saviour, undismayed, went forward to meet the multitude, when Judas approached Him, and sealed his treason with a kiss, the symhol of affection. Christ does not accuse him of ingratitude, nor upbraid him with his treachery; but, as if to recall his thoughts to what he is doing, and the duplicity of the manner employed, He meekly asks him, "Friend, wherefore art thou come?" Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss? The soldiers then laid hands on Him, and led Him away, Judas having counselled them to "hold Him fast." His precious hands were therefore rudely and securely bound with cords, and he was hurried away by the band of soldiers, under the direction of the chief priests, accompanied by a tumultuous rabble, first to Annas, and then to Caiaphas, High Priest.

Prayer.

Impress, O Lord, upon my heart this sad history; save me from the inordinate love of money, and the deceitfulness of riches. Oh! forbid that for riches or honors or the vain pleasures of this world I should ever betray my Lord and Master; but may I adhere to Him through evil and through geod report, and at last receive a crown of glory in His Kingdom. Amen!

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Jesus before Caiaphas High Priest.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed.—Psa. ii: 2.

False witnesses did rise up; they laid to my charge things I knew not.—Psa. xxv: 2.

Gospel Narrative.

Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death. But Jesus held his peace. And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said, nevertheless, hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy.—St. Matt. xxvi: 59, 63, 65. St. Mark xiv: 53-64. St. Luke xxii: 52-54. St. John xviii; 12-14, 19, 20, 21.

THE eyes that slept on Olives' brow
Are opened but to weep;
For smitten is the Shepherd now,
And scattered are the sheep.

Before His creature as His Judge
The great Creator stands;
Blindfolded His omniscient eyes—
Bound His almighty hands.

Meekly the charges false He hears
Of witnesses untrue;—
The Roman soldier's buffet bears,
And scoffing of the Jew.

For thee, my soul, the scorn He bore,
For thee endured the shame,
And died to save thee evermore;
Oh, bless His holy name!

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

To prevent any disturbance or insurrection during their feasts, Pilate moved his headquarters from Cæsarea to Jerusalem. Convinced of the innocence of Jesus, and that the Jews through envy had delivered Him, yet unwilling to incur their hatred by releasing Him, when he learned that Christ was of Galilee, to escape responsibility in the matter, he sent Him to Herod, who was at Jerusalem at that time, to be tried, as Galilee was in Herod's jurisdiction. He had not paid such deference to Herod when before, he had mingled the blood of the Galileans with their sacrifices. (St. Luke xiii: 1.) This acknowledgment of Herod's superiority, and of his own usurped authority over Herod's people, reconciled the enmity between them; and Pilate and Herod were made friends.

Herod, who, for some time, had desired to see Jesus, was glad that Pilate had sent Him, as he hoped that He would perform some miracle before him; but, as the Saviour did not wish to gratify a vain curiosity, or answer the many idle questions proposed, He answered him nothing. Herod, regarding Christ as a foolish person, then arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe in mockery of His claim as King of the Jews, and, with his men of war, derided Him, and bowed before Him in mock reverence. Though the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Him, Herod made no judicial investigation, but sent Him back to Pilate.

Prayer.

O holy and ever-blessed Saviour, King of kings, and Lord of lords, who for love of us men didst consent to be treated in mockery as a false king by the impious Herod and his soldiers, give me grace to disregard the false judgments of the world, and meekly to bear the detraction of enemies, for Thy sake, that, following Thy blessed example upon earth, I may reign with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Jesus Rejected for Barabbas.

GOOD FRIDAY, 6 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.—Isa. liii: 3.

Gospel Narrative.

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas and destroy Jesus. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. St. Matt. xxvii: 15-17. 20, 22. St Mark xv: 6, 7, 11, 15. St. Luke xxiii: 18-22. St. John xviii: 39, 40.

Now, by a custom at the Feast,
A prisoner was to be released;
And Pilate sought thus to disarm
Their hate, and Jesus save from harm.

But hate and envy so possessed
With maddening rage each cruel breast,
Had so distorted every mind,
They were to love and pity blind.

Excited thus the multitude
Like tigers thirsted for His blood;—
Rejected Christ so meek and bowed,
And for Barabbas clamored loud.

"What shall I do then with your King,
'Gainst whom you accusations bring?
I found no fault when I did try Him"
They madly shouted, "Crucify Him!"

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

When Jesus was sent back to Pilate, he called together the chief priests and rulers of the people, and proposed as, he had found no fault in Jesus, nor yet Herod, that he would chastise and let Him go, supposing that their malice would be appeased by the terrible punishment of the Roman flagellum; but nothing less than the death of their innocent victim would satisfy their ruthless hate. Pilate then made another effort to save Him. At the Passover it was customary to release a prisoner, in memory of the release of the Jews from Egyptian bondage, and Pilate asked whether he should release to them Barabbas, a robber and murderer, then in prison, or Jesus which is called Christ. The chief priests and elders persuaded the people, and they cried out, "Not this man but Barabbas." And when Pilate asked what he should do with Jesus, they cried out, "Crucify Him." They thus rejected the Holy and the Just for a robber whose hands were defiled by pillage and distained with blood.

A robber was their preference, and they had their punishment by robbers. God often makes our sins the instruments of retributive justice. The indifference thus manifested to deeds of robbery and murder, increased these crimes, and during the siege of Jerusalem, nothing could be more dreadful than the condition of the Jews, who seemed devoted to pillage and murder within the city while the Romans pressed the siege without.

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus Christ, who art the Corner-Stone, elect and precious, chosen of God, but rejected of sinful men, Thou art my King, I bow to Thee, and in my inmost soul acknowledge Thee as my God and Saviour. Lord, mayst Thou ever be my chief desire, my joy and rejoicing, so that I may never prefer the riches, honors, or pleasures of this world to Thee. Amen!

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Jesus Bound and Scourged.

GOOD FRIDAY, 7 O'CLOCK, A. M

Prophesy.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isa. liii: 5.

Gospel Narrative.

And when Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see you to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children. Then released he Barabbas unto them; and when he had scourged Jesus, he delivered him to be crucified.—St. Matt. xxvii: 24-26. St Mark xv: 15. St. Luke xxiii: 13-16. St. John xix: 1.

THOUGH naught deserving death or bonds
By Herod was in Jesus found,
And Pilate knew, of the Jews' charge
That envy was the only ground.

Yet when no reason could prevail,
He saw a tumult imminent;
Impelled by an unmanly fear,
He to their wishes gave assent.

The innocent and just is seized,
His body to the pillar bound,
And ruthless hands with bloody scourge
With blows His sacred body wound.

Pilate, by washing of his hands,
Now thinks his soul from guilt to free—
But on it rests the guilt of blood,
For time and for eternity.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

Failing by argument and the declaration of Christ's innocence to effect His release, Pilate hoped to move the obdurate hearts of His enemies by ordering Him to be bound to the pillar and scourged. Their innocent victim was then divested of His robe, and the strokes of the flagellum raised weals and ploughed furrows (Ps. cxxix: 3,) on the sacred person of the Saviour. He was thus wounded for our transgressions, and with His stripes we are healed.

When Pilate saw that all his efforts to conciliate the people were unavailing, and that nothing less than the blood of their victim would satisfy them, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." Then answered all the people and said, "His blood be on us and on our children!"

What a vain effort was this of the unrighteous judge to free his soul from the guilt of blood, in delivering to death a "just person" in whom he had found no fault. What an awful imprecation of the people on themselves! What a fearful legacy to their children! What a fearful fulfilment of each! Forty years after, in the siege of Jerusalem, faction and murder deluged the streets with blood, and when the city fell into the hands of the Romans they crucified the Jews till trees were wanting for crosses, and ground on which to set them. (See Josephus.) And their children, wanderers in all lands, a by-word and reproach, have, down through the ages, been reviled, persecuted, and put to death. What an awful answer to their imprecation!

Prayer.

O blessed Jesus, Son of the Father, who didst suffer Thy sacred body to be scourged, that by Thy stripes we might be healed, give me grace to bear patiently the scourges of Thy Fatherly correction, and the unjust reproaches of my enemies, that, at last, I may attain to eternal life in Thy heavenly Kingdom. Amen!

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Jesus Crowned with Thorns.

SMITTEN WITH A REED, HIS MOCK SCEPTRE.
GOOD FRIDAY, 8 O'CLOCK A. M.

Prophesy.

Now gather thyself in troops, O daughter of troops; he hath laid siege against us; they shall smite the judge of Israel with a rod upon the cheek.—Mic. v: 1.

Gospel Narrative.

Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers. And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.—St. Matt. xxvii: 27-30. St. Mark xv: 16-20. St. John xix: 2, 3.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is unto Jesus given;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

The bliss of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given;
Their name—an everlasting name,
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

R. KELLY.

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Meditation.

The scourging of our Lord at the pillar being ended, the soldiers proceeded to treat Him with insult and mockery. They put a scarlet robe upon him,—pressed upon His head and bleeding temples a crown of thorns, the growth of the earth after it was cursed for Adam's sin, (Gen. iii: 18,) and placed a reed in His right hand as a mock sceptre. They bowed the knee before Him in sport, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! They smote Him with their hands, spit in His divine face, and, taking the reed, smote Him on the head. Who can conceive the dreadful suffering of the blessed Jesus, when they smote Him on His head, and pressed the thorns upon His bleeding temples?

Gold, gems, and pearls form diadems of pride and ostentation for the princes of the earth; but this crown of thorns transcends them all; for it is enriched with the blood of the Eternal Son of God, shed for the salvation of a lost and ruined world. Let us mourn in the depths of our hearts, since our sins were the cause of these cruel sufferings; let us weep tears of holy contrition for the transgressions which so crowned our loving Redeemer. From the depth of His humiliation and sufferings, let us contemplate Him in His exaltation to the right hand of God the Father, where cherubim and seraphim cast their crowns of glory before Him. And, oh! let us receive Him as our King, reverence His authority, and obey His precepts, that, loving and serving Him here upon earth, we may be admitted to His eternal Kingdom in heaven.

Prayer.

I adore and bless Thee, Lord Jesus, who art King of kings and Lord of lords, that, for the healing of our pride, Thou didst consent to be derided as a false king, clothed with a robe in ridicule, and smitten with a reed. I beseech Thee, blessed Saviour, by Thy sorrows, by Thy wounds, and precious blood, to possess and wholly rule me, that, meekly bearing the unjust injuries of enemies, and being dead to the world, I may live to Thee and Thy glory. Amen!

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Pilate presents Jesus to the People.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

GOOD FRIDAY, 9 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.—Lament. 1: 12.

Gospel Narrative.

Pilate therefore went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the man! When the chief priests therefore and officers saw him, they cried out, saying, Crucify him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him.—St. John xix: 4-6.

BEHOLD the Man! By all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and His claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all His friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

Behold the Man! He knew no sin,
Yet Justice smites Him with her sword;
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

Behold the Man! Though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The Angels at His footstool bow,
And all His royal claims approve.

"CHRISTIAN PSALMIST."

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Meditation,

When Pilate saw the pitiable condition of Jesus, faint from the loss of blood, and exhausted by physical and mental anguish, His divine face disfigured by blows, and defiled by spittings—when he beheld Him wearing the purple robe in mockery, and the crown of thorns on His bleeding brows, with a mock sceptre in His hand, he made a final effort to save Him. Supposing their cruel hearts would relent on seeing the miserable plight of the sufferer, Pilate went forth again, and saith, Behold, I bring Him forth unto you again, that ye may know that I find no fault in Him. When Jesus came forth, Pilate saith unto them, "Behold the man!" But the chief priests and officers, moved no more to pity by the sight of His sufferings than wolves that have lapped the blood of an innocent lamb, cried, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" with greater fury than before. Men, women, and children join in the horrid cry, and Pilate, at length, yields to the clamors of the infuriate multitude, and delivers Him for crucifixion. Let us take warning, by their example, never to give loose rein to angry passions. May we ever consider to what humility and abasement our sins and His own infinite love and charity reduced the King of Glory. Oh may we be willing to make all the return that we can for His inestimable love and sufferings through the whole course of His passion, by the sacrifice of a humble, contrite, loving, and obedient heart.

Prayer.

I adore and magnify Thy name, blessed Jesus, King of heaven and earth! Thou art my God, my Saviour, and my King. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ! Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom, (Heb. i: 8.) To Thee alone the title of King belongs; since Thy laws are holy, just, and good. Lord, have mercy upon me wherein I have served other masters, and give me grace to be ever Thy loyal, loving, and obedient subject. Amen!

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Jesus Condemned to Death.

GOOD FRIDAY, 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of my head; they that are mine enemies, and would destroy me guiltless, are mighty.—Psa. lxix: 4.

Gospel Narrative.

And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release him; but the Jews cried out, saying, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar. When Pilate therefore heard that saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat. And it was the preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour: and he saith unto the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar. Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away.—St. John xix: 12-16. St. Matt. xxvii: 24-26. St. Mark xv: 14, 15. St. Luke xxiii: 20-25.

WITHOUT a spot, without a stain,
The sinless victim stood,
While His accusers raged around,
And clamored for His blood.

Pilate His innocence declared,
And to release Him sought,
Until the fear of Cæsar's frown
Repressed each generous thought.

Impelled by fear the coward Judge
Betrayed his sacred trust,
And to His enemies resigned
The innocent and just.

They led their victim then away,
Fainting His cross beneath,
And followed by a rabble crowd
To Calvary and to death.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

What a time-serving creature Pilate was! He was not without good instincts, but his selfishness repressed them. He would be a just judge only so far as it did not interfere with his own interests. He was Governor of a turbulent and rebellious people, and sought to conciliate them by deferring to their wishes. When the chief priests and rulers, for fear of being defiled by entering a heathen's house, refused to go into the Prætorium to make accusation against Jesus, he went out to them. Though he knew that Christ was innocent, and that the Jews through envy accused Him, yet he did not set Him free. Hearing that He was a Galilean, and belonging to Herod's jurisdiction, to escape responsibility, he sent Him to Herod, to be judged.

When Herod concurred with him, that Christ was innocent, he proposed unjustly to scourge Him, and let Him go, hoping thus to appease the hate of the Jews. He released at their instance Barabbas, the murderer, instead of the innocent Christ; and vainly thought, by washing of his hands, to free them from the stains of innocent blood. He saw the Man of Sorrows scourged and crowned with thorns, and presented Him in His wounds and blood to the people, in the vain hope that, at last, they would relent and permit him to release the innocent victim of their rage; but they remained inexorably cruel, and demanded His death; to which, fearing the frown of Cæsar, he consented.

Prayer.

All glory be to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, the Judge of quick and dead, who wast condemned to death, that Thou mightest, by thy unjust condemnation, free us from that of which we are justly guilty. Grant me grace to avoid unjust suspicions of others, and to bear patiently false judgments against myself. Make me pure and holy, that I may not be condemned at thy tribunal in the great judgment-day. Amen!

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Jesus bears His Cross to Calvary.

GOOD FRIDAY, 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Prophesy.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.—Isa. liii: 4.

Gospel Narrative.

And it was the preparation of the Passover, and about the sixth hour, and he said to the Jews, Behold your King! But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate said unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, We have no king but Cæsar. Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away. And he, bearing his cross, went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew, Golgotha.—St. John xix: 14-17. St. Mark xv: 25-28. St Luke xxiii: 32, 33.

Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs condemned for you;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

His sacred limbs they stretch—they tear;
With nails they fasten to the wood
His sacred limbs exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.

Behold His temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side.

O Thou dear, suffering Son of God!
How doth Thy heart to sinners move;
Sprinkle us with Thy precious blood,
And melt us with Thy dying love!

C. WESLEY.

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Meditation.

Upon the declaration of the Jews, If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend, self-interest and unmanly fear extinguished in the heart of Pilate any desire to free the innocent Christ. He felt that the wicked and revengeful Jews would prefer charges against him at Rome, that might cause his downfall; and so he yielded to their wishes, and delivered Him to be crucified. Pilate understood their true character; for, years after, when he repressed an outbreak of the Samaritans, they preferred charges against him to Vitellius in Syria, and he was sent to Rome and divested of his authority. Banished to Lausanne, he spent his days in remorse and despair on Mount Pilatre, called after him, and at length threw himself into a lake on its summit, and thus ended his miserable existence.

After His condemnation, Christ was hurried to execution and compelled to bear His cross. And, as Isaac, who was a type of the Saviour, carried the wood upon which he was to be offered, so our blessed Saviour was pleased to bear the cross, which He was about to consecrate by the sacrifice of Himself. He was graciously pleased to receive with a placid mind the Cross, and to carry it with an ardent desire for the glory of His Father, and the salvation of men; but, faint from the loss of blood, and exhausted by suffering, He sank to the earth, and His cross was transferred to Simon the Cyrenian.

Prayer.

All praise and adoration be unto Thee, blessed Saviour, who for our salvation, amid reproaches and insults, didst bear the Cross of our redemption upon Thy lacerated shoulders, Confirm in me the desire to be Thy true disciple, and grant me grace, taught by Thy precept. (St. Matt. xvi: 24,) and blessed example, to take up the cross of self-denial, and humbly to follow Thee, even unto death, that I may live with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Jesus Crucified with two Thieves.

GOOD FRIDAY, 12 O'CLOCK, M.

THE NOONDAY DARKNESS.

Prophesy.

The wicked have enclosed me. They pierced my hands and my feet.—Psa. xxii : 16.

He was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sins of many.—Isa. liii : 12.

In that day, saith the Lord God, I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day.—Amos. viii : 9.

Gospel Narrative.

And when they were come to a place called Golgotha, they crucified him, and parted his garments casting lots ; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots. Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right, and one on the left.—St. Matt. xxvii : 33, 35, 38. St. Mark xv : 24-28. St. Luke xxiii : 32, 33. St. John xix : 17, 18.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in tenderness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

ISAAC WATTS.

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Meditation.

The sad procession wound up the heights of Calvary, preceded by a troop of horse bearing the Roman banner; then the crier, with his bell, proclaiming the charges of sedition and blasphemy for which Christ was condemned to crucifixion. Next came the executioners with their hammers and iron nails, followed by the sinless victim wearing His crown of thorns, and a malefactor on each side, and after Him, Simon with the cross, a body of foot with the Roman eagle succeeding. After these came the chief priests in their sacerdotal robes, with the scribes and rulers, and a multitude of the people; with the rabble reviling and reproaching Him. But there followed Him also a great company of men and women, who bewailed and lamented Him. Arrived at Golgotha, a place horrid with the bones of former executions, they prepared to crucify Him. They offered Him the stupefying mixture given to malefactors to render them insensible to the horrid pains of crucifixion; but He refused to drink it. He was then laid upon the cross, and His arms extended. Here the two executioners each taking hold of one of His hands placed a spike upon the palm and drove it through flesh and nerve, bones and joints, into the wood. In like manner crossing His feet they drove the spike through instep and heel into the wood, thus fulfilling the double prophesy—that while Christ, the seed of the woman, should bruise the Serpent's head, the Serpent should bruise His heel. Genesis iii: 15.

Prayer.

We adore Thee, O blessed Jesus, Saviour of the world, who for our sakes didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin, and didst pass through all the sorrows of our mortal state, and after suffering ignominy, reproach, and injuries, didst offer Thyself a sacrifice upon the Cross for our sins; give me grace to follow Thy blessed example, that, serving Thee on earth, I may reign with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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Jesus Prays for His Enemies.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Prophesy.

Because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.—Isa. liii: 12.

Gospel Narrative.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do. And one of the malefactors, which were hanged, railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us. But the other answering, rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss. And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.—St. Luke xxiii: 34, 39, 40-43.

'Tis finished! The Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not His own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,—
The great redeeming work is done.

'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

The veil is rent;—in Him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed,
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

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Meditation.

As Christ hung suspended between earth and heaven, the entire weight of His body rested upon His pierced and bleeding hands, thus causing intolerable anguish; yet, in this awful moment of suffering, His heart was full of compassion for His inhuman tormentors, who had persecuted, scourged, and crucified Him, and, even as He hung upon the cross, reviled and mocked Him; and He prayed for them, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

O infinite love, and infinite compassion! They blaspheme Thee, blessed Jesus, and Thou prayest for them; they scorn Thee, Thou pitiest them; they sin against Thee, Thou prayest for their forgiveness; they manifest their utmost malice, and Thou pleadest their ignorance. What sin is there, O Lord, of the pardon of which I should despair? What offence of others should I not pardon, when Thou prayest for the forgiveness of Thy blasphemers and murderers?

And to the penitent thief, who reproved the other malefactor for his impiety, and acknowledging the justice of his own sentence, asserted the innocence and divinity of Jesus, and prayed to Him, Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom, the Saviour replied, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise. In his case Jesus recognized the two great essentials of reconciliation to God; repentance toward God, and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ.—Acts xx: 21.

Prayer.

All honor and praise be unto Thee, O most merciful and compassionate Saviour, that in the midst of Thy sufferings upon the Cross, Thou didst show Thy infinite love and charity by praying for the wicked men who mocked and crucified Thee. Purify and elevate my heart, O divine Saviour, that, obeying Thy precepts, (St. Matt. v: 44,) and following Thy example, I may love my enemies, bless them that curse me, do good to them that hate me, and pray for them that despitefully use me, and persecute me. Amen!

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Jesus Commends His Mother to John.

GOOD FRIDAY, 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

SORROW OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Prophesy.

Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also;) that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.—St. Luke ii: 35.

Gospel Narrative.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her to his own home.—St. John xix: 25-27.

STABAT mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
  Dum pendebat Filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
  Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
  Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, cum videbat
  Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi Matrem si videret,
  In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari,
  Dolentem cum Filio?

JACOBUS DE BENEDICTIS.

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Meditation.

Among the women standing by the Cross, and beholding the sufferings of the Divine Saviour, was the Blessed Virgin. How often did the sword pass through her motherly heart, as she saw Him stripped of His clothing, stretched upon the Cross, and nailed to the wood—bleeding, dying, and pierced by the soldier's spear. Amid the horrors of the crucifixion, however, she had a power to sustain her that was not possessed by the others. Christ, it is to be presumed, had in conversation with His mother, on many occasions, explained the character of His mission and ministry, the humiliation and sufferings at the close of His mortal existence, and His after resurrection from the grave.

This is evident from the circumstances attending Christ's first miracle, as is to be inferred from her direction to the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it, (John ii: 5,) shows that in a previous conversation He had informed her of His intention to perform the miracle. He must then have told her of His coming sufferings and the glory that was to follow, to strengthen her soul when the crucifixion came. Therefore, when His dying cry sent a thrill of horror through her heart, and when she saw His loving eyes close in death, and His body afterwards laid in the sepulchre, she felt assured of His resurrection and ascension, and His exaltation to glory at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty. Foreseeing the desolation of heart of His blessed Mother, and beloved disciple, He said unto her, Woman, Behold thy son! and to John, Behold thy mother! And from that time John took her to his own home.

Prayer.

O Blessed Saviour and God, who, during Thy life, didst set us an example of love and obedience to parents, and, amid Thy sufferings on the Cross, didst provide for the comfort of Thy widowed mother, teach us to love and reverence our parents, and to be sympathizing ever to the bereaved and sorrowing. Amen!

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Jesus forsaken of the Father Expires.

GOOD FRIDAY, 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

IT IS FINISHED.

Prophesy.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?—Psa. xxii: 1.

Gospel Narrative.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour. Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?–St. Matt. xxvii: 45, 46.

When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.— St. John xix: 29, 30. St. Mark xv: 33-37. St. Luke xxiii: 42-46.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and vails the sky;
It is finished;—
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

It is finished! O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
It is finished;—
Saints, the dying words record.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name;
It is finished;—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

FRANCIS.

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Meditation.

The noonday darkness was still over the earth, during the three hours that the Saviour hung upon the Cross, but a deeper darkness fell upon the soul of the Divine Christ, as the Father withdrew His presence from Him, and left Him in His humanity to bear the awful weight of the sins of mankind. Under this desertion He cried out, MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME? Soon after He cried again, with a loud voice, IT IS FINISHED, and bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. His dying cry moved nature to sympathy with her dying Lord. The sun was in sackcloth—the earth trembled with the throes of an earthquake and the rocks rent—the vail of the temple was rent in twain, as the Great High-Priest, by the sacrifice of Himself, entered into the Holy of Holies—and from yawning sepulchres the sheeted dead arose—but the hearts of His cruel murderers, harder than the rocks,—more foul than sepulchres, were unmoved.

With His cry, IT IS FINISHED, all was consummated—all that the sacrifices and types of the law had prefigured,—all that the Prophets had foretold, was fulfilled—all that the Father had given Him to do was done—man's salvation was accomplished—His pilgrimage of sorrow was ended—His toil—His indignities—His sufferings were over. Being very man, as well as very God, He was now to fulfill the conditions of our humanity by descending into the grave, but not to remain there. His soul was not to rest in Hades, nor His body to see corruption.

Prayer.

All adoration and praise be unto Thee, O Christ, Lamb of God, that, though innocent, Thou wast condemned to save us from eternal condemnation,—that Thou wast scourged, that by Thy stripes we might be healed—that Thou wast forsaken of Thy Father, that in death His presence might be with us—that on the altar of the Cross Thou didst offer Thyself a sacrifice for our sins, and *die* that we might *live* in Heaven. O purify my heart, and save me by Thy most precious blood. Amen!

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Jesus Pierced by a Soldier's Spear.

GOOD FRIDAY, 4 O'CLOCK, P. M.

HIS BONES NOT BROKEN.

Prophesy.

He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken.—Psa. xxxiv: 20. In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness. Zech. xiii: 7.

And they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourning for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.—Zech. xii: 12.

Gospel Narrative.

Then came the soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came thereout blood and water.—St. John xix: 32-34.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

WILLIAM COWPER.

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Meditation.

When the legs of the two malefactors were broken, the Saviour's limbs were not disturbed, that both type and prophesy might be fulfilled. Not a limb was to be broken of the Paschal lamb, which was a type of Christ, our Passover, and the Psalmist had foretold, Not a bone of Him should be broken. But one of the soldiers pierced the side of the dead Christ with his spear, which passed through the pericardium and the heart, and forthwith came thereout blood and water. While thus gratifying his own cruel disposition, the soldier was unconsciously fulfilling the two predictions of the Prophet Zechariah.

The blood and water that flowed from the pierced side of the Redeemer, were the two Sacraments of the Church—the Blood, the price paid to redeem us from sin,—the Water of Baptism, that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, to wash away the stains of the flesh. "I will sprinkle upon you clean water, and ye shall be cleansed from all your filthiness." Ezek. xxxvi: 25. Christ was the Rock of the desert which "He clave, and the waters gushed out." Isa. xlviii: 21. "They drank of that spiritual Rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 4. From the side of the *first* Adam sleeping in Paradise, woman was formed, "the mother of all living" who was a type of the Church; and in like manner from the side of the *second* Adam sleeping in death was formed the "Mother of the living," the Evangelical Church of the Redeemer, purchased by His own blood.

Prayer.

O blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who didst suffer thy precious side to be pierced, that Water and Blood might issue forth to cleanse and regenerate our souls, O pierce my heart with penitential sorrow for my sins, and cleanse and purify it from all stains of the flesh, that, sanctified in soul and body, I may be meet to see Thee in Thy heavenly glory. Amen!

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Jesus taken down from the Cross.

GOOD FRIDAY, 5 O'CLOCK, P. M.

LAID IN THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

Prophesy.

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he smitten. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.—Isa. liii: 8, 9.

Gospel Narrative.

When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple: He went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.—St. Matt. xxii: 57—60. St. Mark xv: 42-47. St. Luke xxiii: 50-53. St. John xix: 38-42.

'TWAS as the sun's expiring flame
Illumined Calvary's awful crown,
Joseph and Nicodemus came
To take the Saviour's body down.

With gentle hand and aching breast,
They loosed it from the cruel wood,
Removed the crown of thorns that pressed
His brow, and staunched the oozing blood.

Then in fine linen wrapped the form
So marred and torn by cruel men,
And in a new sepulchre laid,
Where man was never laid till then.

'Twas in a garden man's first sin
Brought death and all our earthly woes;
There did Christ's agony begin,
There, after death, His limbs repose.

N. C. BROOKS.

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Meditation.

The superscription on the Cross, JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS, written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the three principal languages of the earth, the language of Theology, of Art, and of Empire, was thus a proclamation to all the world. At the Annunciation, the Angel said to Mary, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob (the Jews,) for ever." St. Luke i: 31–33. Time may waste, revolutions may destroy other kingdoms, but "His dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom from generation to generation." Daniel iv: 34.

The prayer of Jesus for His murderers, as He hung upon the Cross, the mute eloquence of His patient sufferings, with the attestation of the darkened heavens, the quaking earth, and rending rocks, led the thief to acknowledge His divinity, and the Centurion to exclaim, "Truly this was the Son of God;" and the people to beat upon their breasts and return. Christ had been "numbered with the transgressors, and had poured out His soul unto death, as an offering for sin," as foretold, and was now fulfilling the prophesy, "He was with the rich in His death;" a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, having permission of Pilate, came with Nicodemus, and took the body down, and wrapping it in fine linen, with spices, laid it in his own tomb that had been hewn out of a rock.

Prayer.

Adorable Redeemer and God, who didst assume our nature and become obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, and "through death destroy him that hath the power of death;" and didst descend into the grave, that Thou mightest overcome its terrors; sanctify me, I beseech Thee, soul and body, that being crucified and dead to the world, I may live to Thee on earth, and, after my sleep in dust, live with Thee in heaven. Amen!

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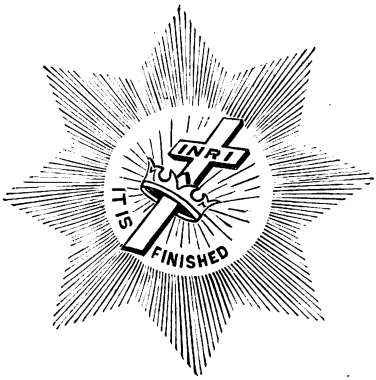

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LATIN HYMNS.

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Dies Iræ.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum,

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur,

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie!
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Juste Judex ultionis!
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa.
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

—THOMAS OF CELÆNO.

Day of wrath, that day of burning,
All the world to ashes turning,
Seer and Sibyl spake concerning.

With what dread shall each offender
See the Judge that comes in splendor,
Justice strictly then to render?

Trumpet, sounds of wonder sending,
Calls the dead, the graveyards rending
To the great white throne descending.

Death and nature shall be shaken,
When the sleeping dead awaken,
And before their Judge are taken.

From the book whose awful pages
Form the record of all ages
Every soul shall have its wages,

When the Judge at that assizes
Sits, there shall be no disguises,
Naught unpunished sin devises.

What shall I say in that hour,
Ask what advocate's great power,
When the just man well may cower?

King of majesty tremendous!
Who didst ransom freely send us,
Fount of mercy, then defend us!

Jesus! think, for my salvation
Thou didst suffer tribulation;
Lose me not on that occasion!

Thou didst seek me weary, failing,
On the cross for me bear railing;
Let such travail be availing!

Righteous Judge of retribution!
Grant me gift of absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

Like a culprit I am groaning,
All my guilt my blushes owning;
Spare thy suppliant, God atoning!

Who didst Mary grant remission,
Who didst hear the thief's petition,
Gavest me hope in my condition.

Though unworthy my desire,
Gracious One, remit thy ire,
Lest I burn with endless fire.

'Mid thy sheep of every nation,
From the goats assign my station,
On thy right, God of salvation!

When the cursed, all confounded,
Sink to fiercest flames, astounded,
Call me, by thy saints surrounded.

Suppliant, I make petition,
Heart as ashes in contrition;
Care in death for my condition.

Day, that sighs and tears presages,
When shall rise from dust of ages
Guilty man, account to render;
Spare then, Lord, the pale offender!

—N. C. BROOKS.

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Stabat Mater.

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat Filius.

At the cross, her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord.

Cujus animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

For her soul, of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

Oh, how sad and sore distressed,
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole begotten One;

Quæ mœrebat, et dolebat:
Et tremebat, cum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.

Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever glorious Son.

Quis est homo qui non fieret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?

Quis non posset contristari
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio.

Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum.

For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged and crowned with thorns entwined;

Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem desolatum,
Dum emisit Spiritum.

Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
'Till His spirit He resigned.

Eia Jesu, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam,

Jesus, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.

By Thy cross oh guard and guide me,
By Thy death from evil hide me,
Cherished by Thy sovereign grace.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

When my form to dust is given,
Grant my soul a place in Heaven,
To behold Thy glorious face.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto: sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

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Spiritus Sanctus.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus, **Et emitte cœlitus** **Lucis tuæ radium.**	Come, O Holy Spirit, come! And from thine eternal home Shed thy ray of light divine!
Veni, pater pauperum; **Veni, dator munerum;** **Veni, lumen cordium.**	Come, thou Father of the poor! Come, O Giver of our store! Come, within our hearts O shine!
Consolator optime, **Dulcis hospes animæ,** **Dulce refrigerium.**	Thou, O Comforter, the best, Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest, Thou, our spirits' bread and wine!
In labore requies, **In æstu temperies,** **In fletu solatium.**	Thou, in all our labor, rest! Thou, in heat, the shadow blest! In our woe, solace divine!
O, lux beatissima! **Reple cordis intima** **Tuorum fidelium.**	O, most blessed holy Light! Fill the inmost hearts aright Of the faithful, who are thine.
Sine tuo numine **Nihil est in homine,** **Nihil est innoxium.**	Without thy assistance sure Naught can e'er in man endure, Naught be pure in man's design.
Lava quod est sordidum, **Riga quod est aridum,** **Sana quod est saucium.**	Wash our stains of guilt away; Shed on drouth thy dewy spray; Our sickness heal, our wounds O bind.
Flecte quod est rigidum, **Fove quod est frigidum,** **Rege quod est devium.**	Bend the stiff, renew the old, Cure the crooked, warm the cold, Guide to thee the straying mind.
Da tuis fidelibus **In te confidentibus** **Sacrum septenarium.**	Give thy faithful, who adore Thee, confessing evermore, Gifts, thy sacred sevenkind;
Da virtutis meritum, **Da salutis exitum,** **Da perenne gaudium.**	Give them virtue's crown on high: Give salvation, when they die; Joys eternal let them find.
Veni, Sancte Spiritus, **Et emitte cœlitus,** **Lucis tuæ radium.**	Come, O Holy Spirit, come! And from thine eternal home Shed thy ray of light divine!
Veni, pater pauperum; **Veni, dator munerum;** **Veni, lumen cordium.**	Come, O Father of the poor; Come, O Giver of our store; Come, within our hearts, O shine!

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto; sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.	Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

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Oratio Universalis.

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS WRANGHAM

Pater universi, Seculis in omnibus,
O culte, et omnes per plagas:
Sanctisque dicte, barbaris, sapientibus
Jehovah, Jupiter, Deus!

Te, prima rerum causa, mente consequi
Est meminis, nedum meum:
Solum in tenebris vix viam regens
Cœcusque, Te agnosco bonum.

Pravoque quod dederis probum dignoscere:
Fatoque naturam ligans
Nunquam soluto, liberum simul homini
Arbitrium permiseris:

Quod suaserit mihi quod et dissuaserit
Præsaga conscientia,
Hoc vel Gehenna fac, Deus, fugiam magis,
Illud magis cœlo sequar.

Quotquot benignitas Tua ingerat, precor,
Des gratus ut capiam bona:
Solvit Deo quicunque enim digne accipit
Obsequitur is, qui scit frui:

Nec Te tamen telluris, ah! pusillimæ
Sollus adfirmem Patrem;
Neve hominibus solis datum Tibi obsequi
Tot millia inter orbium:

Manus hæc suas cohibeat imbellis minas
Non jactet impar fulmina
In omnium capita, Tui quos duxerim
Hostes ferox, atque insciens:

Si recta quam dudum tero, Pater via est,
Tu quæso, eandem fac terram:
Erraticus sin divager, recta meos,
Tu quæso, dirigas pedes.

Quicquid negarit vel Tua sapientia
Vel caritas indulserit,
Hoc ne datum levem excitet saperbiam
Illud negatum murmura;

Aliena fac, ut usque defleam mala,
Aliena peccata ut tegam,
Quamque ipse ceteris adhibuerim mihi,
Redhibeto misericordiam:

Vilis licet sim, non tamen vilissimus,
Cum spiritus mea alat Tuus,
Gressus meos, sive hora detur longior
Sive ultima adsit, O regas!

Panem mihi pacemque lux hæc afferat,
De ceteris securior
Permitto Tibi, quid conveniat expendere
Tua ut voluntas desinet.

Te, Summe, cui templum omnis ether qui patet,
Cui terra, mareque, ara, et polus,
Quo pollet ore quisque Maximum canat.
Natura cuncta concinat.

The Universal Prayer.

TO GOD, THE BEST AND THE GREATEST.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FATHER OF ALL! in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou GREAT FIRST CAUSE, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do.
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid, when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw:
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
O lead me wheresoever I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot,
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise.

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Explanatory Note.

As the noun *prophesy* frequently occurs in this volume, it is proper to give a reason for the change in spelling. Nouns and verbs of the same derivation do not differ in spelling, but in accent. In nouns the accent is on the first or second syllable, in verbs it is on the last syllable; thus increase, increáse; altérnate, alternáte.

Hence, Mr. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, says: 'The distinction in spelling the noun *prophecy* and the verb, *prophesy* is absurd;" but he is in error when he says "both should be *prophecy*," instead of *prophesy*. The word is from the Greek noun προφήσις, (prophesis); and, as from the Greek noun αἵρήσις, (heresis), we have *heresy*, and from ποιήσις, (poesis), *poesy*, and from ὑποκρίσις, (hypocrisis), *hypocrisy*; so from the Greek προφήσις, (prophesis), we have *prophesy*.

In like manner, in Anglicizing the Greek nouns analysis, emphasis, synthesis, etc., we do not substitute *c* for *s* in the last syllable; why then should we substitute *c* for *s* in prophesy?

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Recommendations of Passion Week.

By Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D., LL.D., Presiding Bishop.

Wilmington, Del., Jany. 17th, 1887.

Works of which the aim is to direct the thoughts to the great conflict which our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ waged for our deliverance from sin and death, must exert a good and holy influence. Such is the little volume entitled, "Holy Week," from the well-known and successful educator of the young, Dr. N. C. Brooks, which I have no doubt will be interesting and edifying to a large circle of readers.

Alfred Lee.

By Rt. Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, D. D., Bishop of Ohio.

Cleveland, Ohio, Jany. 25th, 1887.

I ask leave to countersign the judicious words of our Presiding Bishop.

G. T. Bedell.

By Rt. Rev. Thos. U. Dudley, S. T. D., Bishop of Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Jany. 26th, 1887.

Dr. Brooks has given to the Church in his little volume "Passion Week," a book which must be very useful and very comforting to a large number of readers. Although the number of Lenten books is very large, we are sure that a place is ready for this one, because it is so handy in size, but chiefly because so large a part of its contents are the very words of Holy Scripture. For each day of the Holy Week, there is given a Prophesy of the great events, the Gospel story of its happening, a Poem, a Meditation, and a Prayer. Very many people will hereby be helped to follow the sacred steps of the Sufferer, and be profited thereby.

T. U. Dudley.

By Rt. Rev. Geo. W. Peterkin, D. D., Bishop of W. Virginia.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Feby. 4th, 1887.

My Dear Dr. Brooks,

I have read the first part of your Book, that on "Passion Week," and think very highly of it. I should be glad to see it generally circulated, as tending to bring the great facts of those solemn days and the doctrines resting upon them more vividly before the minds of the people, to their lasting good.

Respectfully and faithfully yours,

Geo. W. Peterkin.

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By Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of Penna.

Philadelphia, Feby. 17th, 1887.

Dr. N. C. Brooks,

Dear Sir, I sincerely thank you for the little Volume which you kindly sent me. I have had as yet no time to read it, but from your well known character as an Educator of the highest class, and from the testimoney of so many who have read the volume, as well as from the purpose of the volume itself, I have no hesitation in recommending it as profitable Lenten reading as we draw near to Holy week, and gather beneath the Cross of Him, who died for our sins according to the Scriptures. Every book which teaches us to be "Looking unto Jesus" must be useful in stregthening the faith, and deepening the love of His disciples.

Very truly yours, Wm. Bacon Stevens.

By Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of Virginia.

Richmond, Feby. 18th, 1887.

Prof. N. C. Brooks,

My Dear Sir. Please accept my kind thanks for your book entitled "Holy Week." I am sure it will prove useful and helpful to those who will use it devoutly.

Very truly yours, A. M. Randolph.

By Rt. Rev. Wm. Paret, D. D., Bishop of Maryland.

Baltimore, Jany. 17th, 1887.

Prof. N. C. Brooks,

Dear Sir: I have received your little book entitled, "Holy Week," and am obliged by your kindness in sending it. I hope that it may prove helpful, and accomplish what you propose.

Yours truly, William Paret.

By Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's.

Rectory St. Paul's Parish, Balto., Dec. 29th, 1886.

My Dear Dr. Brooks,

Accept my thanks for the very interesting volume you have so kindly sent to me. It is not only interesting, but I am very sure it must prove helpful to many, who will have cause to be grateful for what you have done. I am

Yours very truly, J. S. B. Hodges.

By Rev. Wm. A. Snively, D. D., Rector Grace Church.

Brooklyn Heights, N. Y., February 19th, 1887.

The arrangement of Prophesy and Narrative in connection with the Passion of our Lord, together with the Meditations and Prayers, make it a very helpful Manual for Private Devotion; and will enable those who use it to appreciate more fully the reality of His Agony and Crucifixion as commemorated in the Offices of the Church.

William A. Snively.

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By Rev. A. C. McCabe, B. D., A. M.
Rectory, St. Philip's Parish, Laurel, Md.,
St. Matthew's Day, A. D., 1887.

Dr. N. C. Brooks,

My Dear Sir: "Holy Week, with Horology of the Passion," is in my judgment, particularly valuable for the very clear and forcible manner in which it presents Bible Truths, showing some of the most vital connections between the Old and the New Testaments. It has a special advantage in being well adapted to everybody; and the student, and the less learned, may profit by its perusal. The Devotions for each day it commemorates, are short, which gives it peculiar advantages over some other books of its character. I should be only too glad to have all of my congregation read it.

With kindest regards, I am faithfully yours,

Alex. C. McCabe.

Christ Church Rectoy, Batimore, Feby. 25th, 1887.

Prof. N. N. C. Brooks,

Dear Sir. I have perused your little volume entitled "Holy Week," and as far as I have been able to examine it, the Meditations, Prayers, and Poetry seem admirably suited to impress the great lessons of the Passion upon the heaart, and to be a true guide to devotion, especially during this Holy season of Lent.

Yours very truly, W. W. Williams.

Grace Church Rectory,
Baltimore, March, 5th, 1887.

Dear Sir: Let me again acknowledge your kindness in sending me a copy of "Passion Week." It is an interesting book and embodies an excellent idea. I hope that its purpose may be accomplished, and that many may be thereby helped to follow the events of the Holy Week.

I am truly yours, Chauncey B. Brewster.

To N. C. Brooks, LL.D.

1409 Bolton Street, March 5th, 1887.

My Dear Doctor. I am glad to hear that you purpose a new edition of your excellent Manual for "Passion Week." I am sure that its well-judged arrangement, with the well-selected and well-conceived Poems, Meditations, &c., to illustrate, and impress the Sacred events, must be helpful, and profitable to many. It will be hailed by devout Churchmen, and *all* devout Christians, who use it, with pleasure, and gratitude to you, for your pains.

With best wishes for *it*, and for yourself,
I am very truly your friend,

W. M. Dame.

To Dr. N. C. Brooks,
President Balto., Female College.
Park Avenue, City.

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FROM "THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS."

PASSION WEEK; WITH HOROLOGY OF THE PASSION. The first portion of the book sets forth the events of Holy Week, day by day as foretold by prophets, prefigured by types, recorded by evangelists, illustrated by poetry and meditation, and enforced by prayer.

The second part, the Horology of the Passion, conveys to the attentive reader a conception of our Lord's sufferings, wonderfully full and striking. It is a series of word pictures, illustrating most fully and minutely all the sad circumstances of the scenes of Gethsemane, the high priest's palace, the judgment hall, and Calvary. It is an excellent and profitable book for any season, and especially for Lent and Holy Week.

FROM THE CECIL DEMOCRAT, ELKTON, MD.

"PASSION WEEK," is the title of an exceedingly timely book just issued from the press of George Lycett of Baltimore. The compilation is the love-labor of our fellow-countian, N. C. Brooks, LL.D. We have seen nothing that is better adapted to the wants and needs of Christian churchmen than this little book. It gives evidence of careful and pious research, and contains in epitome just what the churchman will wish to have for guidance and comfort in the approaching Lenten season. It contains prophesy, meditation, and narrative, for each day of Passion Week, and each hour of the days of Holy Thursday and Good Friday. It is also garnished with hymns for each occasion, many of them selected for their appropriateness, but most of them the fruit of the poetic talent of Dr. Brooks.

FROM THE CHURCHILL NEWS.

PASSION WEEK; containing PROPHESIES and GOSPEL NARRATIVES of the SACRED EVENTS; with poems, meditations and prayers; also the Ascension and Pentecost; together with an Horology of the Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, by N. C. Brooks, LL.D., President of Baltimore Female College. Among the numerous devotional books of which "*there is no end*" at this season, this has no superior both as to its contents and construction; while exciting feelings deeply devout and reverential, it is eminently Scriptural and in the best sense "Evangelical." Its learned and venerable author is a *layman* and the active head of a College of young ladies. The volume is inscribed to the Rev. Campbell Fair, D. D., as a mark of respect for his talents, learning and piety, and a testimonial of affection for him as a faithful Pastor and friend. Published by George Lycett, Baltimore.

HOLY WEEK. By N. C. Brooks, LL.D. Published by James Hammond, Philadelphia, Pa. George Lycett, Baltimore, Md

Price, Gilt Edge, 60 cents.

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John Sherman
Div Schl.

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